

The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY.

THE STREAM AND THE DREAM

A brook is flowing to the sea
And singing as it goes,
And once a maiden strolled with me
Serenely where it flows.

Still it is sweetly murmuring
Along its winding way,
And others may be loitering
Upon its shores to-day.

Ah, cruel years! No more I stroll
With maids by woodland streams,
No songs are swelling in my soul,
And I have done with dreams!

The brook is far, oh far, away—
As far as youth from to-day,
But still it hurries on to-day,
In gladness to the sea!

And she whose laughter echoed there—
Ah she is busy, too,
Applying newer patches where
My son has worn 'em through!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Stairs of Sand

By ERNEST DE LANCY PIERSON.

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CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Job had returned one evening, worn out with his search in the lower parts of the city, had finished his humble supper, which he had brought home in a paper bag, and had been napping on his cot, when an unusual sound in the empty rooms below him attracted his attention. He jumped to his feet, and, setting the candle on the table behind him, opened the window and peered out on the deserted garden. A faint moonlight lay over the ragged berry bushes along the walks, and on the pile of wood that was a most conspicuous decoration and rose like a funeral pyre in the center of the grass plot.

"That's queer," he muttered, drawing in his head. "Not a person in sight, and certainly I didn't dream that I heard that noise."

He took another peep out of the window and then closed it softly, shaking his head.

"Must be in the house—wonder if a rat could make a noise like that? The beggars do grow pretty big in these parts. Ah, there it is again—and comes from those rooms below. I suppose I must look into this a bit," and he sighed to think that perhaps he was not to enjoy his peaceful little abode much longer—that some one had found him out.

He took his revolver out of his pocket, examined it carefully to see that it was in working order, and then, holding it in one hand and carrying the candle in the other, opened the door leading to the stairs and went down. It was very quiet below as he paused at the last step to listen. He heard a scurrying sound in the wall, but there was nothing to be alarmed about in that; it was a man's step he thought he had heard in the first place. After a moment he stepped on to the floor and swung the candle around, to get a good view of the place.

Just as he did this he was suddenly conscious of heavy breathing close beside him, and at the same time the pistol was suddenly snatched out of his hand.

It was done so quickly that for a moment he felt stunned, then turned about to grapple with his opponent; but the candle went out, and his outstretched hand only fanned the empty air. He stood there unarmed, not daring to move, lest he should betray his whereabouts, and give this unseen foe a chance to locate him for a shot. So he stood silent, and was considerably surprised to hear not the crack of an exploding cartridge, but a cackling laugh, that in the silence of the place sounded so weird that it even startled him from his usual condition of calm imperturbability.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" he called out.

"Just wait until I get this candle going, and I'll make myself known," said the man he could not see, and at the same time Job heard a scraping sound, as if the other was trying to find the candle. This he was able to do, for, after a moment's hunt, the candle was lit, and out of the gloom a shuffling figure appeared. Job took the candle out of his hand and held the light up to the man's face. It was not a handsome face into which he peered. The fellow had doffed a ragged hat, that he might show his features better. His hair descended in ragged wisps about his hungry and cadaverous face, that, being unshaven, seemed sprinkled with coal dust. His dark eyes set in deep hollows, wore a half-amused expression, while his lips were parted in a grin that disclosed a double row of yellow and uneven teeth.

"Oh, it's you, eh," grumbled Hendricks.

"You know me—Jebbs—do you? Ah, I thought you would," and the stranger broke out into a cackling laugh again. "Here's yer pistol," said he, handing over the weapon.

"Gave ye a jolly good scare, that's what I done."

"Nonsense—come up stairs and say what you have to say," and Job, angry at the way he had been treated, led the way up the stairs, while the other, evidently conscious that it

would not do to anger his host further, followed him slowly.

"Now, how did you come to find me?" asked Hendricks, as he set the candle down on the table and eyed his guest with anything but an amiable look.

"Well, I see you several times of late in the street, and somehow you slipped away 'fore I could catch up with you. To-night I had better luck."

"Hum!" Then, going to a box in one corner of the room, which he evidently used for a closet, he took a bottle from it and a plate of bread and meat, and set them down on the table before his guest. Job did not attempt to speak again, as he watched the man fall on the food like a wild animal, and it was only when the last crumb had been devoured and the bottle emptied that he ventured to say:

"Why did you come in like a thief?"

"I wasn't sure you was in, and I wanted to surprise you," with a grin. "When I see you come down in the dark with that pistol in hand I was 'fear'd you'd pink me 'fore I could make myself known, and so I had to take it from ye. Hope you'll excuse me for that. Ye might have killed me by mistake, and then an explanation wouldn't have did me no good. See?"

"Yes, I see," growled the other, to whom the subject was evidently an unpleasant one, and rankled, since it showed how easy it would be to disarm him another time.

"Well, and what do you want?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"Why did you come, and seek me out?"

"I thought that you might have some work on hand for me to do." Then, with a keen look, "I must say, Will—that you have changed—there are some things 'bout ye I can't make out."

"Changed? Course I've changed; who wouldn't in all these years. Well, I don't know but I have work for you to do."

The other drew his chair up nearer to the table and moved his thin lips together as if he was smacking them over a prospective treat.

"What is it, cleanin' chimneys?" with a knowing wink.

"I'm done with all such things."

"Get out—what sort of a story is that? Turned Methodist, have ye, an' you one of the best in the business? Mind taking the bishop's gold snuff box at a weddin'—Oh, say, that was rich," and he broke out into noisy laughter.

"There—there, I wish you wouldn't make so much noise," grumbled Hendricks. "I came here to keep out of people's way, and while I don't mind your finding me out—"

The stranger drew a long whistle, and then nodded sagely.

"I see. Wanted, eh? Well, naturally, you must lay low for a while. Now, what was the job you would put me on to? You always was a master hand for laying out work. If I had your brains I'd do nothing else, and it's much safer."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so much, and listen to me," said Job testily.

"What a jabber you are!"

"I'm shut up—so go ahead," said the other, subsiding.

Job became thoughtful, and they were not pleasant thoughts, to judge from his frowning forehead and the fierce look that came into his eyes. His big hands resting on the arm of the chair opened and closed now and then convulsively, but presently he grew calmer.

"It was before your day that this happened, maybe, or, at least you were but a lad, Jebbs. The Delamater Iron Works, over on the North river side, was robbed—the foreman happened to be killed—a man named Martin Frale was accused—found guilty and sentenced—to 20 years." He paused and drew a long breath.

"I've heard the story. I was not in business at the time," said the other. "But what of it? They say Frale is dead!"

"Frale never had anything to do with the murder. He was starving almost at the time. There was a man—an enemy of his—who that night wined him and dined him, and when he was fuddled led him into the trouble," and when Job was saying this his eyes were a far-away look as if his thoughts were wandering back in the past.

Jebbs eyed him keenly and blurted out:

"Say, old man, what of this job you was talkin' 'bout? What's all this here ancient history to do with it?" Hendricks roused himself as if returning from the past to the present and nodded his head.

"Maybe I was wandering," then with great earnestness: "This is what I want to know—who wrote those words—and where can the writer be found?" and so saying he laid on the table before his shabby guest the torn envelope he had found that day when he went to visit James Ellison.

Jebbs picked it up and held the paper where the light of the candle would fall full upon it, while his companion watched him with anxious eyes.

"Come, if you know, out with it," he said at length, impatiently. "I'm told that you have a great head for handwriting—the keenest of all."

The other poured over the paper and then let it fall.

"I know who wrote that!" he said slowly.

"He is living—you could find him—or show me where he could be found?" asked Hendricks, anxious and eager.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Jebbs, with a provoking grin.

"What do you mean—don't sit there like a ninny?"

"Well," drawled the other, "cause the fellow that wrote this is more of a shadow than a man!"

CHAPTER XV. THE BLACK COUPE.

Hendricks stared at his shabby companion for a moment, wondering what he meant when he said that the writer of the lines was "more of a shadow than a man." Persons in his peculiar walk of life were not inclined to use figures of speech.

"I see you think I'm talkin' foolishness," said Jebbs, noticing the puzzled look on his host's face.

Job nodded gloomily.

"Well, I'm not having fun with ye, I tell ye. If I ain't mistook in the writer of that er queer docketment, a shadder would be easier to lay hands on than him."

Hendricks sniffed contemptuously, but did not interrupt, for he was far too much interested in getting at the truth of the matter to delay his companion.

"Yes, sir," continued Jebbs, "I ain't tellin' ye no lie. Where he lives no one knows. He's here to-day and gone to-morrow. He has a finger in all the best pies, and then slips away until another promisin' job is to the fore. They has anxious times over him at headquarters, but never can get their hands on him. He turns up when he's least expected. There's many that works for him that never seen his face. He lodges here and there and everwhere. He is a shadow, for none of the people know his real name, and so it's 'The Shadow' they calls him."

Job, after a moment's thought, took a small roll of bills out of his pocket, and taking three fives from the top, spread them on the table, restoring the roll to his coat again.

"There's for the present. I am glad to know that he is occasionally heard from. When you next learn of his whereabouts let me know, and you shall have five hundred dollars—that is if your story is true."

The other stuck the money away in his coat and winked expressively. "Mebbe by the time I let you know his stand, like's not he would skip fore ye got there," said he.

"I'll run the risk—find out who he is. He is one man here, and another there, but I want to lay him by the heels, and his face darkened over."

"What for—what for?" and for a moment Jebbs eagerly leaned forward. Hendricks pushed him back with an oath, and strode over to the window, where he stood for a moment looking out on the garden. Then he turned, and, walking back, laid his hand on the other's arm.

"You ought to know me by reputation, that I don't allow any one to pry into my business."

"E-s-s," and the other winced under the shine of the bright eyes that seemed searching his very soul.

Job took the haggard face in his hands and examined it keenly, as if he were examining a bit of bricabrac—searching for the hidden mark of the potter. Then he removed his hands and turned away, walking up and down the limits of the little room.

"I'm not sure whether I can trust you or not. But you ought to know that I have a way of rewarding those who serve me well, and of making it very unhealthy for those who deceive me."

"Yes—I know that," replied Jebbs, crouching back, as if he feared his companion.

"There, there," and Hendricks patted him on the shoulder; "I don't want to frighten you when there is no necessity for it. Don't make it necessary for me to be harsh with you. Now tell me, has this ghost of a man been heard of lately?"

"Oh, yes," brightening up since the storm had passed. "It was him that had a hand in that affair on Fifth avenue the other night; that, we think, was handled like one of his jobs."

"And you would know him if you saw him?"

"Bless ye, I seen him oncet, but he's a masterful actor and makes up for any part he means to play."

"Hum!" and Job continued his pacing up and down the room. He was beginning to feel that the task he had before him was not a light one, and would he ever be left free enough to carry it out to success? "You are no friend of this man?" he asked, as if not entirely free from suspicion of his guest.

"No; I don't know as anybody is. Ye see, it's this way: When he has a plan of work on hand, why he sends for the men he wants, and they meets him wherever he happens to fix. I guess few ever see him lookin' his real self, but a bit o' writin' fell into my hands I knew to be his, and it was main like that piece you showed me. I kep' it 'cause it was so queer, and ain't likely never to forget it."

"Well, you have done me a service I'll remember, too," said Hendricks heartily. "Now, remember, if you serve me well you shall lose nothing by it. What I have given you is merely a retainer—there will be more coming as soon as you have earned it. Anyway, if you are in want, come to me and I will see that you have enough to keep you going."

"Now, that's the kind of talk I like to hear," exclaimed Jebbs, with a lavish display of teeth. "It ain't in my line o' work to give a man away, but this 'one is such a high and mighty cuss, and puts on such airs that I guess none o' the boys would be sorry to see him druv out o' business," then with a sly wink, "I suppose now you couldn't gin me a hint how you mean to manage him?"

"Do you want me to warn you

again to 'tend to your own affairs," and Hendricks made a threatening gesture that caused the other to shrink back in alarm, real or assumed.

"There, I forgot you was so techy on the subject, ye know; as I am aimin' to help ye, it's natural I should feel some interest."

"You need only what I choose to tell you," replied Job, grumpily, "and now," as he took up the candle "I will show you out, for it is time I went to sleep, and you would do well to do the same," and he led the way to the stairs.

"Go on ahead," motioning to Jebbs to precede him. "I'll hold the light so you won't break your neck."

"Bless ye, I'm kind o' used to findin' my way 'bout a house in the dark, but thank ye kindly just the same," and humming a gay tune the strange man went down the stairs.

"Remember that you are not to let any one know where I am," said Job as he stood on the step before the house shading the candle with his hand.

"No one at all?" asked the other. Hendricks eyed him for a moment, suspiciously.

"When I say no one that is enough."

"Well I wasn't sure you meant every one—ye see there must be lot o' yer friends what would like to see ye after bein' gone so long."

"For the present not a word—not a word to any one," said Hendricks decidedly. And now good-night. When you have news, come here—you will seldom fail to find me in."

"All right—you can expect me in a few days, I take it. Time he was heard from again," and with these words he disappeared among the shadows of the garden.

Job stood there a moment, and then blew out his candle. It needed such keen eyes as his to follow that slinking figure slowly disappearing in the distance. He caught sight of him again as he was passing through the tunnel that ran through the old factory building, and then, as if urged on by a sudden impulse, he laid the candle on the steps and ran noiselessly after his late visitor. When he came into the street he crossed without being seen to the other side of the way, and behind a pile of rubbish peered out to see if anything peculiar would happen.

[To Be Continued.]

FEARED WRATH OF FATHER

How an Englishman Collected a Bad Debt Owed Him by a Deceased Turk.

A very curious experience is that recently related by an Englishman resident in Turkey. He had loaned a Turk some money, but the man was unable to pay and on his deathbed laid a particular charge on his wife and children to meet the debt. The eldest son was making arrangements accordingly, but also died, and he, too, begged his family to pay the money as soon as they could. One day the Englishman received a visit from a member of the family, who said that there were now four members of it left and they were ready to pay, but one of the daughters refused to subscribe her share, declaring that the money was never really lent. The others, however, wished to settle the matter and if the Englishman would come to the house it would be arranged. "But," the Turk added, "if you see there is any difficulty just say that you leave it to be settled in the next world."

Accordingly the Englishman went to the house at the appointed time and met the family in the presence of a mollah, the ladies being behind a screen. The mollah began by asking if he had truly lent the money, how much it was and if he would take any less. One of the women behind kept saying it was a fraud. The Englishman then declared that he had lent the money; that he had not asked for it; that they had told him to come and get it, and if they did not want to pay it he would leave the matter to be settled in the next world. There was dead silence for a few moments and then the women called their brother and each paid her share without a word. It seems the prospect of meeting the father in the other world without having carried out his wishes was too serious a thing to face.

Those Horrid German Names.

Some years ago a good story was told in which Prince Munster was concerned. He, (then only a Count) together with Count Beust and Count Schouvaloff, was attending a foreign office reception in London. Their names afforded no slight difficulty to the thoroughly English footman, who announced the guests by shouting their names up the great staircase. Count Schouvaloff arrived first and the footman duly announced him as "Count Shuffeloff." Then came Count Beust, whose name in the servant's mouth became "Count Beast." Lastly Count Munster appeared, and the footman, evidently feeling that a supreme effort was required, finished off by calling out "Cpnt Munster."—London Globe.

Sounds of Words.

The sound of words has a great attraction for the negro, and he uses them regardless of their meaning. A negro woman was with difficulty prevented from naming her child "Crucifix," the sound of the word attracting her.

A negro preacher in a sermon declared emphatically:

"I comes not to contaminate any other sect"—repeated still more emphatically—"I comes not to contaminate any other sect, I comes to honorate your minds."—Independent.

He Lost.

A Quaker city gossip tells this story of a young man who apologized for being late at a dinner party:

"Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Blank," said the hostess. "So good of you to come. And all the way from New York, too! But where is your brother?"

"I am commissioned to tender his regrets. You see, we are so busy just now that it was impossible for both of us to get away, and so we tossed up to see which of us should come," said the young man.

"How nice! Such an original idea! And you won."

"No," said the young man, absently; "I lost."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Surprised Physician.

A dying patient recovers through the interposition of a humble German.

Chicago, Nov. 15. Some weeks ago Dr. G., a very reputable and widely-known physician, living on C Street, was called to attend a very complicated case of Rheumatism. Upon arriving at the house he found a man about forty years of age, lying in a prostrated and serious condition, with his whole frame dangerously affected with the painful disease. He prescribed for the patient, but the man continued to grow worse, and on Sunday evening he was found to be in a very alarming condition. The knees and elbows and larger joints were greatly inflamed, and could not be moved. It was only with extreme difficulty that the patient could be turned in bed, with the aid of three or four persons. The weight of the clothing was so painful that means had to be adopted to keep it from the patient's body.

The doctor saw that his assistance would be of no avail, and left the house, the members of the family following him to the door, weeping. Almost immediately the grief-stricken ones were addressed by a humble German. He had heard of the despair of the family, and now asked them to try his remedy, and accordingly brought forth a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. The poor wife applied this remedy. The first application eased the patient very much; after a few hours they used it again, and, wonder of wonders, the pain vanished entirely! Every subsequent application improved the patient, and in two days he was well and out. When the doctor called a few days after, he was indeed surprised.

Very Fashionable.

Ida—Was it a fashionable summer boarding house?

May—Oh, yes. Every Sunday we had chickens for dinner that had been run over by "fashionable" automobiles.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Wise Boy.

She—A woman is as young as she looks. He—Yes; but she ain't always as young as she thinks she looks.—Detroit Free Press.

"I owe my whole life to Burdock Blood Bitters. Scrofulous sores covered my body. I seemed beyond cure. B. B. B. has made me a perfectly well woman." Mrs. Chas. Hutton, Berville, Mich.

Dick—"I say, Harry, can you change a five-dollar bill for me?" Harry—"I guess so." (producing the notes); "yes, here you are." Dick—"Thanks, old chappie; when I get a five-dollar bill I will hand it to you. So long."—Boston Transcript.

A household necessity. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals burns, cuts, wounds for any sore; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.

The grace to do small things may be greater than the gift of doing great things.—Ram's Horn.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all lung troubles. Cures in one minute.

If a man carries a mortgage it is usually because he can't lift it.—Chicago Daily News.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Somehow, our relatives that we are proudest of never seem proud of us.—Indianapolis News.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

It's easier to make a tool of a dull man than of a sharp one.—Chicago Daily News.

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ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Case No. 49,673. Mrs. M. Isted of 1207 Strand Street, Galveston, Tex., who is proprietor of a boarding house at that address, numbering among her boarders a dozen medical students, says: "I caught cold during the flood of September, 1900, and it settled in my kidneys. Despite the fact that I tried all kinds of medicine and was under the care of physicians, the excruciating twinges and dull aching across the small of my back refused to leave, and trouble with the kidney secretions began to set in. From then, ordinary Anglo-Saxon fails to describe the annoyance and suffering I endured. The fearful pain through my body, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, consequent loss of energy, and, finally, an indication of complete dissolution compelled me, from sheer agony and pain, to either lie on the floor and scream, or forced me into spasms. On such occasions my husband called in a physician, whose morphine treatment relieved me temporarily. I grew weaker and thinner, and so run down physically that nothing was left but skin and bone. All my friends, acquaintances, and neighbors knew about my critical condition, and on one occasion I was reported dead and they came to see my corpse. At last the doctors attending me held a consultation and agreed that if I did not undergo an operation I could not live. Preparations were made, a room selected at the city hospital, and they even went so far as to have the carriage brought to the door to carry me there. I don't know why, but something told me not to go, and I absolutely refused. Now I want the reader to grasp every word of the following: A friend of ours, a Mr. McGaund, knowing that my kidneys were the real cause of the entire trouble, brought a box of Doan's Kidney Pills to the house, and requested me to give them a trial. I had taken so much medicine that I was more than discouraged, and had little, if any, faith in any preparation. However, I reasoned if they did not do me good they could not possibly make me worse, so I began the treatment. After the third dose, I felt something dart across me like a flash of lightning, and from that moment I began to improve. The pain in my back and kidneys positively disappeared, the kidney secretions became free and natural. At present I rest and sleep well, my appetite is good, my weight has increased from 118 to 155 pounds, and my flesh is firm and solid. My friends actually marvel at the change in my appearance. Words cannot express my own feelings. I am not putting it too strongly when I say I have been raised from the dead. I am satisfied that had it not been for Doan's Kidney Pills, taken when they were, I would have been either lying in the Lake View Cemetery, or an invalid for the balance of my life. I will be only too pleased to give minute particulars of my case to any one calling on me, not, of course, out of idle curiosity, but if they really have kidney complaint and want to know what course to pursue to get relief."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Isted will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

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